1 2.17th pm '73 (Isolation)

Dear Harold,

I just got finished puting all of my writing talent to the best ever. It's going out in the mail just like this letter. It will blow your mind completely out of it when I tell you about it, I want to wait and get an answer back on it 1st though, then if I get the kind of answer I hope for, then I'll know I sure as hell do have talent. It involved absolutely no bull whatsoever, straight factual, just like letters I send Mr. Scott. Nothing bad about this jail either. Oh, yeah, I did mention to Mr. Scott how I'd gotten beat up 7 times once, I forgot. If you saw any of these letters then you'd know my style's obvious, it's a writing which I think you'll like, as you have never seen it before. This time this one wasn't to Mr. Scott though. Just take my word for it, your mind will definitely SHATTER into confetti. Guess what else I did, I made a really neat calendar. At least I'll know what day it always is in here, for Feb. & March anyway, and I'll have to spend April in here too. Jesus, I will go nuts. I promised God if I ever out of here, I'll go to Church for Penance, and I swear Harold, even if I'm in the hospital, I'll escape & hitchhike or ambulance or something & get there. I know the name of the law firm, my parents gave a lot of money to to screw me up further. They want to start placing a whole bunch of [illegible] on me, some psychiatrist, which is the [illegible] break. Maybe they have already, I don't know yet. Mr. Scott—he'll know my head's together. I won't get me those 2 psychiatrists doing that kind of shit — you know, I haven't seen any shrinks over here, I got away from my problems when I came in here. Texas takes your parents' word like the Bible itself too, pal. I got the information in a letter from a guy studying to be a Catholic priest. Harold, I'm the only one in this "place" who isn't always starving to death & screaming about it. That's because I did go past the 10th grade in high school. That was the grade where they teach you in biology class how you can [illegible] from

(over)

eating improperly cooked pork. 4-times since I've been here they've served sausage, the kind that really bleeds & those idiots nearly kill each other fighting over each other's. If I were to say anything, they wouldn't believe me and make a big stink how I was trying to start a Jewish conspiracy. Anyway, I know how that crazy chicano cook peppers up applesauce. I'd hate to think what he'll do to sausage. He must go really wild. I'll stick to beans, thank you. I've got another problem, with hornies and cold showers. If I stay locked up much longer, when I do get out, they'll just bring me back 30 minutes later + charge me with RAPE. Can you imagine what my parents would do with that one??? I'm really SERIOUS, it's really getting bad. The only reason I'm telling you this is, because you are open minded and like the parent I've always wished for but never had. I knew I could tell you anything + everything. Don't send me anything except letters from Mom, and a copy of any correspondance you + Mr. Scott have. I want to know what he REALLY thinks. He wouldn't lie to me, but he leaves out. He's too damn worried about my morale. He doesn't realize how being locked up makes you think the worst + that something just bad would be an uplift. No one can realize it until they actually experience it themselves. Also I didn't mention former drug addiction to him. There is no record of that anyone could get a hold of. I spent almost an entire year in the hospital after my wreck & recieved pain medication every 4 hrs, the whole time. They even used to wake me up to give it to me. It was strictly a medical cause + was straightened out afterwards by other Doctors. There is no sort of police record on it anywhere. But I kept hearing about how my Parent's mouths alone could run all of the radio stations completely out of business with their interesting newscasts about me. None of which were ever quite so. If you think Scott ought to know, tell him in a letter (I want a copy to read + then destroy) No one but ME can give authorization to release those medical records about that. Your judgement I trust, always from now on. Keep those mailmen running. Keep writing. over

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